Last song of a generation

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Me want to abort my own kin
Thus will sing this honky tonk in
Any kind of lame marketing
And they will take me as their king

Thinking it's in their interest
Which has got no link with the rest
The only thing worthy being
They're not their natural being

What is not bought by the old crew
As they have been coded instead
To think for themselves if it's said
That false is fact the real true

Who is right or else wrong
Maybe that's both at once
Neither or one of them
Or rather the other

If you know it for sure
So good for you blue tit
Benefit from such luck
Or you could regret it

one last small verse
to charm us down
with a rainbow
if not reverse

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